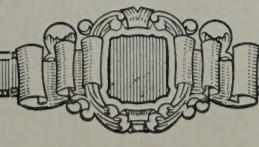


HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY

The DAMNATION of FAUST

HECTOR BERLIOZ



SYMPHONY HALL, Boston

Sunday Afternoon, April 16, 1939

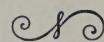


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124th Season

1938-1939



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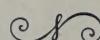
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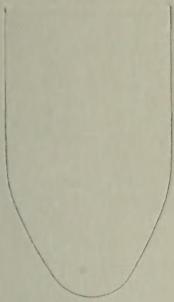


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THE DAMNATION OF FAUST

(Translation used in the edition of G. Schirmer, Edited by Dr. Leopold Damrosch)

Part I

(Plains of Hungary, Sunrise)

FAUST (*alone in the fields*)

The winter has departed, spring is here!
River and brook again are flowing free.
Behold, from the dome of heaven pouring forth,
Fresh splendor breaks and gladness ev'rywhere.

I greet with joy the cool, reviving breath of morning.

(*Dance of peasants under the linden-tree*)

PEASANTS

Shepherds have donned their best array,
Wreaths and jackets and ribbons gay.
Oh, but they were smart to see!
The circle closed round the linden-tree.
All danced and sprang—like madmen danced away.

Hurrah, huzza, huzza, huzza! Tra la la la!

Ho! Ho!

The fiddle bows went merrily.

FAUST

What mean these cries, these songs, that distant noise?

It is the village folk at early dawn,
Who dance and sing upon the grassy lawn.
My darkened soul begrudges them their joys.

(*Another part of the plain: an army advancing*)

FAUST

A splendor of weapons is brightly gleaming afar!

Ha! the sons of the Danube, apparelled for war;

They gallop so proudly along;

(*The army passes by, Faust withdraws*)

HUNGARIAN MARCH

Part II

(North Germany)

FAUST (*alone in his study*)

Without regret I left the smiling meadows,
Where grief pursued me still.
And without delight I now greet our haughty mountains;

To my home I return, still is sorrow my guest.

Ah, I suffer! I suffer! Starless night,
Spreading far her silence and her shades,
Adds another sorrow to my troubled heart.
For me alone, O Earth, thou hast no flowers.
Where shall I find that which my soul desires?
Vainly I seek; it flies my eager quest!

Enough, we'll make an end. But I tremble!
Why tremble thus at the abyss that before me yawns?

O cup, too long denied to my most ardent wishes!

Come, vial, from thy shelf. I the poison will drain
Which must give me new light, or for aye end my woes!

(*He lifts the cup to his lips—A sound of bells—An Easter hymn is heard from a neighboring church*)

CHOIR

Christ is risen from the dead!

The gloomy abode

Of decay forsaking.

I drink full draughts of soft, delicious balsam,

I hear the birds awake, midst the weeds,
The low, deep murmuring of waves and water-reeds.

O joy, to dwell within the lonely forest,
Far from the crowded world and all its striving!

(*Dance of peasants under the linden-tree*)

PEASANTS

But nimbly speeds it in the ring.
Right and left they dance and swing;
Skirts are flying as they skip.
They all grow red, they all grow warm.
Take breath a moment, arm in arm.
Hurrah, hurrah, huzza, huzza! Tra la la la!

Ho! Ho!

"Be not familiar," then she cried;
"Many men deceive their bride;
Ah, how many have cheated and have lied!"
But he persuaded her aside!
And echoed from the linden-tree
The shouting and the fiddles.
Hurrah, hurrah, huzza, huzza! Tra la la la!

Ho! Ho!

(*Another part of the plain: an army advancing*)

How sparkle their eyes, how flash their shields!
All hearts are thrilled, they chant their battle story.
My heart alone is cold, all unmov'd ev'n by glory.

(*The army passes by, Faust withdraws*)

HUNGARIAN MARCH

Part II

(North Germany)

To the Heavenly gates
Transfigured He mounts;
Whilst to endless joys celestial
He swiftly is borne up on high.
We His loving children
Are left to languish here below.
Alas! on this earth He hath left us
Doomed this life's sad burden to bear.
Hosanna!

O heav'ly Master! Thy bliss hath brought
us affliction and sorrow,
Thou hast left us, doomed this life's sad
burden to bear.
But let us trust in His word everlasting.
We shall soon follow Him

To the heavenly mansions to which He hath
call'd us.
Hosanna! Hosanna!

FAUST

O, my memories!
Oh, my poor trembling spirit, wilt thou
Ascend to heav'n, borne up by holy songs?
My tottering faith revives, recalling all my
peaceful infancy,
My happy boyhood, the blessedness of
prayer.
How pure was my enjoyment to wander,
All wrapt in thought, through the verdant
meadows,

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In the glorious light of the vernal sun!
Memory holds me now with childish feeling
Back from the last, the fatal step.
Alas! Heav'ly tones, why seek me in the
dust?
Why visit the accursed? Sweet hymns of
devotion,
Why come and conquer thus suddenly my
stubborn will?
Your soft, melodious strains bring peace to
my soul;
Songs more sweet than morning I hear again!
My tears spring forth, the earth has won me
back.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*suddenly appearing*)
O pious frame of mind!
Child of heaven, 'tis well!
Your hand, dear Doctor!
This glad Easter bell, with silver ringing
strain,
Has charmed to peace again your troubled
earthly brain.

FAUST
And who art thou whose glances so fierce,
Even as a poniard, my marrow transpierce,
And burn like a flame my spirit? Speak, tell
me thy name!

MEPHISTOPHELES
Why, for a Doctor the question seems flip-
pant,
I am thy friend and comfort, I will end thy
sorrow!
I'll give thee all thou wishest, wealth and
fame, boundless joy,
Whate'er the wildest dreams of mortal can
foreshow.

FAUST
'Tis well, wretched demon, I wait; let me
hear.

MEPHISTOPHELES
Hark! I will bewitch thine eye and thine ear.
Be buried no more, like the worms of the
earth,
That gnaw at thy folios.
Come! Arise! Follow me!

FAUST
Be it so.

MEPHISTOPHELES
Let us go! Thou shalt study the world,
And leave thy den, leave thy hateful study.
(They disappear in the Air)
Auerbach's Cellar in Leipzig)

STUDENTS
Another glass of Rhenish wine!

MEPHISTOPHELES
Here, Faust, behold a jolly set of fellows,
Who with wine and song make merry all day.

STUDENTS
O what delight
When storm is crashing
To sit all night
Round the bowl,
High in the glass the liquor flashing.
While thick clouds of smoke float around.
When I was born and saw the sunlight,
I could not stand upon my legs.
I came forth to the earth and staggered;
Drinking was then my only thought.

SOME STUDENTS
Who knows a lively song to give us?
Nought like mirth to give zest to wine.
Now, Brander, thou!

OTHERS
He forgets all his ballads.

BRANDER
Nay, I know one, I made it myself!

STUDENTS
Let us all listen!

BRANDER
Since you invite me,
I'll give you at once something new.

STUDENTS
Bravo, Bravo!

BRANDER
There was a rat in the cellar nest,
Whom fat and butter made smoother;
He had a paunch beneath his vest
Like that of Dr. Luther.
The cook laid poison cunningly,
And then as sore oppressed was he,
As if he had love in his bosom.
He ran around, he ran about,
His thirst in puddles laving;
He gnawed and scratched the house through-
out,
But nothing cured his raving.
He whirled and jumped, with torment mad,
And soon enough the poor beast had,
As if he had love in his bosom.
And driven at last, in open day,
He ran into the kitchen,
Fell on the hearth and squirming lay,
In the last convulsion twitching.
Then laughed the murderer in her glee:
"Ha! ha! he's at his last gasp," said she,
"As if he had love in his bosom."

STUDENTS
As if he had love in his bosom.
Requiescat in peace! Amen!

BRANDER
And now sing a fugue;
To the Amen a fugue;
Let's improvise now a scholarly piece!

MEPHISTOPHELES
Take notice now, their bestiality will show
itself, ere long, in its true colors.

STUDENTS
Amen! Amen!
*(They sing a fugue on the melody of
Brander's song)*

MEPHISTOPHELES (*advancing*)
By heavens, sirs, your fugue is splendid!
To hear it is to dream one is in some holy
place.
Pray, let me freely say it: 'tis scholarly in
style; devout, thoroughly so;
One could not better express the pious senti-
ments which, in closing all her petitions,
Holy Church sums up in this one word.
In my turn, I will respond, by your leave,
with a song on a no less pathetic theme
than yours, sirs.

STUDENTS
Ah, he dares to mock us to our face?
Who is this fellow?

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How pale and ghastly!
Who ever saw hair so red?
No matter. Well, go on! Give us thy song!
Begin! Begin!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Reigning in royal splendor
A king had raised a flea.
As flesh and blood he loved him,
His dearest kin was he.

The monarch called his tailor
And let him know his wants.
He said, "I want my flea well dressed,
So measure him for pants."

He wore the finest velvet,
And silks of colors bright.
They gave him highest orders,
And made him a noble knight.

He had a star of jewels
As minister of state.
His relatives were favored
At court they all were great.

The courtiers and the ladies
From bites were very sore.
The queen and her attendants
Could bear the pests no more.

They dared not even scratch them,
They scarce could bear their plight,
While we can crack and kill them
At once whene'er they bite.

STUDENTS (*shouting*)

Bravo, bravo, bravissimo! Ha! Ha!
We crack them and we crush them
At once, whene'er they bite.

FAUST (*to Mephistopheles*)

Enough! let's quit at once this company so
brutal,
With joys degrading and ignoble deeds.
Hast thou no purer pleasures, no calmer
sports
To offer me, thou dread, infernal guide?

MEPHISTOPHELES

This is not to thy taste? Come on!

(*They spread their mantle, and take flight*)
(*Bushy meadows on the banks of the Elbe*)

MEPHISTOPHELES

In this fair bower,
Fragrant with many a flower,
On this sweet-scented bed,
Dearest Faust, lay thy head,
And slumber, soothed by voluptuous repose.
Whilst fragrant roses on thy fever'd brow
shall breathe,
Their blossoms unfolding, thy pillow to
wreathe,
Thine ear shall be ravished with heavenly
music.
Oh, hearken! Dost hear it? The spirits of
earth and of air
E'en now to lull thy slumber with sweet
strains begin.

(*Faust's Vision*)

SYLPHS AND GNOMES WITH MEPHI- STOPHELES

Sleep, happy Faust!
Ere long, 'neath curtains of azure and gold,

Thou shalt close thine eyes in slumber deep,
Bright in the sky thy star now is gleaming,
Sweet dreams of love shall enrapture thy
soul.

With forms of beauty rare
Now clothes itself the landscape,
A vision fair unfolding
Of flow'ry groves and meads
And pleasant leafy bowers
Where tender lovers meet,
Their ardent vows exchanging.
Beyond are seen the vines,
Their branches thickly cover'd
With tender shoots and leaves
And fruit in purple clusters.
See yonder loving pair,
Along the winding valley;
They take no note of time.
Beneath the shady bowers
A fair one follows them
In meditation rapt;
Beneath her lashes gleams
A solitary tear.
Faust, this beauteous one
Ere long thy love shall be.

MEPHISTOPHELES

See her with magic charms;
Faust, she shall be thy love!

FAUST (*dreaming*) O Marguerite!

SYLPHS AND GNOMES AND MEPHI- STOPHELES

Extended lies the mere,
All along the green hillsides;
Bright the sunbeams are shining
On its mirror so clear.
Here with laughter and singing
Its border loud resound—
Ha!
There to music of viols
The merry dance goes round;
While some are boldly climbing
The rugged mountain side—
Ha!
Others are lightly swimming
Upon the glassy tide.
Happy all seem and tireless
Seeking one common end
This bright existence
To the full to enjoy.
To all is given the sunshine.
Thy darling shall make thee in love with
life again.
All pleasures, like the sunshine,
Come to all from above.
Yet of raptures the sweetest,
The sweetest of all
O Faust, is love!
Sleep! Sleep! Happy Faust!
Sleep! Sleep!

FAUST O Marguerite!

MEPHISTOPHELES

He sleeps! well done, my dainty elves.
This debt I must repay!
Now let him dream of love.

DANCE OF SYLPHS

(*The spirits of the air hover awhile round
the slumbering Faust, then gradually dis-
appear*)

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FAUST (*suddenly awaking*)

Marguerite! . . . What a dream!
What a celestial image!
What angel in human form! Where dwellest
thou?
I feel the purest bliss, since I dream't thee,
O angel!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Arise and follow me again,
To the modest chamber I'll bring thee;
Where she thy mistress sleeps.
Of thy dream thou shalt see the truth!
Here comes a jolly party of students and
soldiers!
They'll pass before thy beauty's dwelling.
Along with these young fools,
With their loud shouts and songs,
We to the fair one's house will go.
But thy transports restrain, and my counsel
obey.

(*Students and Soldiers marching toward the town*)

Part III
(*Evening. Drums and trumpets in the distance*)

FAUST (*in Marguerite's chamber*)
Thou sweet twilight, be welcome! Thee greet
I from my heart.
Thou softly fill'st this place to chaste repose
set apart,
Wherein I feel a vision kiss my fever'd brow,
Like the balmy breath of early morning.
Sure, 'tis love inspires me.
Oh, how I feel my cares take wings and fly
away!
How dear to me this silence, how joyously I
breathe this pure air!
O youthful maiden, my sweet enslaver!
How I love thee, O earthly angel!
What awful joy this moment swells my heart!
With what ecstasy I gaze on thy maidenly
couch!
How sweet the air of this chamber!
O God, after long years of torture, what joy
is mine!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*entering*)

I hear her coming!
Conceal thyself behind these curtains.

FAUST

Heavens! My heart will break for very joy.
(*Mephistopheles hides Faust*)

MEPHISTOPHELES

Now make the most of time.
Farewell. Thyself restrain, or thou shalt lose
her!
Good! my sprites and I now shall sing for
you

The sweetest wedding ditties.

FAUST

Calm thee, my heart, be quiet.

(*Enter Marguerite with a lamp. Faust concealed*)

MARGUERITE

How sultry is the air! I tremble like a child.
'Tis my dream last night which fills my
heart with sadness.

SOLDIERS

Stoutly walled cities we fain would win,
And maidens with lofty and with scornful
mien.
Though daring the venture, yet rich is the
prize.
The trumpets are sounded with powerful
breath.
They summon to glory, they summon to death.
We rush into action nor quit we the field
Till both maidens and towns to us them-
selves yield.

STUDENTS

Jam nox stellata velamina pandit;
Nunc bibendum et amandum est.
Vita brevis fugaxque voluptas,
Gaudeamus igitur.
Nobis subridente luna,
Per urbem quaerentes puellas eamus
Ut cras fortunati Caesares dicamus
Veni, vidi, vici.

Part III

I saw him in my dream, my predestined love.
How handsome he was! O how tender was
his love!
How dearly he loved me, and how dearly I
loved him!
And shall we ever meet upon this earth?
What folly!

(*She sings while undressing*)

*There was a king in Thule,
Was faithful till the grave,
To whom his mistress, dying,
A golden goblet gave.
Nought was to him more precious,
He drained it at every bout;
His eyes with tears ran over
As oft as he drank thereout.
When came his time of dying
The towns in his land he told,
Nought else to his heir denying
Except the goblet of gold.

He sat at the royal banquet
With his knights of high degree
In the lofty hall of his fathers,
In the castle by the sea.

There stood the old carouser,
And drank the last life-glow,
And hurled the hallow'd goblet
Into the tide below.
He saw it plunging and filling
And sinking deep in the sea.
Then his eyelids fell forever,
And nevermore drank he.

There was a king once
In Thule,
Faithful was he
To the grave—
Ah!

(*Square before Marguerite's house*)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*Invocation*)

Ye spirits of flickering flame,
Hither come! Haste! I need your aid.

*Berlioz adds this direction to the Song "Le Roi de Thule" in his score "Eight Scenes from Faust": "In her rendering of the ballad the singer must not strive to vary the expression of the song in accordance with the different nuances of the poem; on the contrary, she should endeavor to render it as uniformly as possible. It is evident that the very last person that concerns Marguerite in this moment is the King of Thule, and his woes; for her it is simply an old tale that she heard in childhood, and which she now absently hums."

Quick appear, quick appear!
Ye will-o'-the-wisps, your baneful and
treach'rous glimmers
Must bewilder a maid, and lead her unto us.
In the name of the devil, get you dancing!
And take care, ye fiddlers of hell,
To mark the measure well, else I will quench
your glow.

MINUET

MEPHISTOPHELES AND WILL-O'-THE-WISPS

Come on! We'll strike up a moral song,
This damsel's ear to tickle,
The more surely to beguile her heart.
(Serenade)

Why dost thou wait at the door of thy lover,
My foolish Kate, in the gray of the morning?
Why dost wait, foolish Kate, foolish Kate?
O beware, nor enter there!
Trust his fair speeches never;
Men deceivers were ever,
And love is but a snare.
Maiden, take heed!
Lose no time here in sighing.
Reck well my rede;
Shun the danger by flying.
O take heed, foolish Kate, O take heed!
Ha!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Hush! Now disappear!

(Will-o'-the-wisps vanish)

Keep silence!
Let us list to the cooing of our doves.

MARGUERITE *(seeing Faust)*

O God!
What do I see? Can it be he? Can I believe
mine eyes?

FAUST

Angel ador'd, whose dear and lovely image,
While yet I had not known thee, illumined
my dark soul!
At last I thee behold, and o'er the jealous
cloud-veil
Which hid thee from my sight, my love the
vict'ry hath won.
Margarita, I love thee.

MARGUERITE

Thou knowest my name, and I too
Have often whispered thine—Faust!

FAUST *(timidly)*

That name is mine;
But I will take another if it please thee
better.

MARGUERITE

In dreams I thee have seen, such as I see
thee now.

FAUST

Hast seen me in thy dreams?

MARGUERITE

I know thy voice, thy face, thy sweet and
winning speech.

FAUST

And didst thou love me?

MARGUERITE

Ah, for thee I longed.

FAUST

Margarita, I love thee!

MARGUERITE

My tender love was thine by inspiration.

FAUST

Margarita is mine!

MARGUERITE

O dearest love, thy sweet and noble image,
While yet I had not known thee, shone
brightly in my soul.

At last I thee behold, and o'er the jealous
cloud-veil

Which hid thee from my sight, thy love the
vict'ry hath won.

FAUST

Thou art mine!

Dearest maid, sweetest treasure!

To my love without measure

Yield thee now, I implore!

For thy embrace my heart fondly yearneth.
Come! O come! Sweet love! Come!

MARGUERITE

Oh, what transports of pleasure

To his arms me impel!

Born of love without measure!

What gentle languor seizes my whole being!

In my eyes are tears! all is darkness!

I faint! Ah! I die!

MEPHISTOPHELES *(entering abruptly)*

Away! It is too late!

MARGUERITE

Who is that man?

FAUST

A brute!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Nay! a friend!

MARGUERITE

Ah! his glance with horror freezes my blood.

MEPHISTOPHELES

No doubt I am intruding.

FAUST

Who bade thee enter here?

MEPHISTOPHELES

I came to save this angel.

E'en now the neighbors all, awakened by
our songs,
Run hither and point out the house to
passers-by.

At Margaret they are scoffing, and they call
for her mother.

The dame will soon be here.

FAUST

O terror!

MEPHISTOPHELES

We must be off!

FAUST

Death and Hell!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Soon shall you meet again!

Consolation is near.

Follows close upon sorrow.

MARGUERITE

Then farewell, dearest love! We shall meet
on the morrow.

Now tarry not, they come!

FAUST

Farewell, then, blissful night
Which scarcely has begun!
Farewell, rich feast of love,
Which I had hoped to taste!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Come! The morning dawns.

FAUST

Wilt thou no more return,
Hour of rapture too fleeting,
In which my soul, erst plunged in grief,
To joy at length awoke?

CHORUS OF NEIGHBORS

Holla, Dame Oppenheim!
See what your daughter's doing!
The warning's not one whit too soon.
There's a lover now in your house,
And you and all yours ere long will get into trouble!

Holla! Holla!

MEPHISTOPHELES

The crowd is coming. Let us hasten away!

MARGUERITE

O Heav'n! Dost hear their foul jibes?
If thou be found with me,
My life they'll surely take.
Farewell, make thy escape through the garden gate!

FAUST

O despair! O my angel, fare thee well!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Come, 'tis time to be going.
O what folly! Quick away!

MARGUERITE (*alone in her chamber*)

My heart with grief is heavy,
My peace of mind is o'er!
Ne'er again shall I find it!
Ah, never more!

Where my love is not with me
Is to me as the tomb,
My life without his presence
All shrouded is in gloom!

My brain, so sore bewilder'd,
Hath no pow'r of thought,
My dull and feeble senses
Are entirely distraught.

I look out at the casement,
His fine, tall form to see:
To meet him and be with him
Is heaven's own joy to me.

His proud and noble bearing,
Of his smile the winning grace,
Of his hand the soft pressure,—
And ah, his fond embrace!

All day long, to be near him
Fondly yearns my poor heart:
Ah, cou'd I tightly clasp him,
I would ne'er let him part.

Him with kisses I'd smother,
All glowing with love's fire,
And on his lips still hanging,
I'd faint at last expire!

(Drums and trumpets sound a retreat:
Soldiers and Students singing in the distance)

FAUST

Now do I know, at last, all the joy of existence.

Happiness, thou dost smile upon me,
Call'st me to thee, and I come.

At last thou art mine!

Love a ne'er dying flame in my bosom hath kindled

Of my consuming love soon shall I taste the joy.

MARGUERITE

Dearest Faust, unto thee I give my whole self.

Love a ne'er dying flame in my bosom hath kindled.

O my heart's joy! My sole treasure!
To lose thee were to die.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Thus I drag thee around at my pleasure,
Haughty Faust! Lo, the hour approaches
In which thou shalt be mine.
Slave of love, whose joys thou ne'er shalt taste,
In hell thy fierce desires shall inflame and torment thee.

NEIGHBORS

There's a lover now in your house!
And mark ye well! ere long he'll get ye all in trouble!

Holla! Dame Oppenheim!

See what your daughter's doing!

Holla! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Holla, Dame Oppenheim! Holla!

INTERMISSION

Part IV

SOLDIERS

The trumpets are sounded with powerful breath;
They summon to glory, they summon to death.

MARGUERITE

Day's reign will soon be ended.
Dusky twilight approaches.

SOLDIERS

Though daring the venture yet rich is the prize!

MARGUERITE

Afar the evening drums and trumpets now are sounding,
With songs and shouts of joy,
As on that blessed evening when first I saw Faust.

STUDENTS

Jam nox stellata velamina pandit.

MARGUERITE

He cometh not.

STUDENTS

Per urbem quaerentes puellas eamus.

MARGUERITE

Alas! Poor heart.

(In the forest. Invocation to Nature)

FAUST (*alone*)

O boundless nature, spirit sublime, mysterious!

Alone thou givest comfort to my unhappy soul.

On thy breast, mighty power, is my sorrow abated;
And, my strength renewing, I seem to live again:
Blow, ye fierce, howling winds! Cry out, ye boundless forests!
Fall down, ye rocks! And roar, ye mountain streams, wildly rushing.
With your thundering sounds my voice loves to unite.
Ye rocks and streams and woods, accept my homage.
Bright, sparkling worlds above, towards you leaps forth the piteous cry
Of a heart in anguish, of a soul madly longing, vainly striving for joy!

(*Mephistopheles scaling the rocks; sounds of hunters' music in the distance*)

MEPHISTOPHELES

Say, does thine eye discern upon the azure vault
The star of constant love?
Its potent influence thou'l find very needful:
For in dreams thou art lost, while that poor child, thy dear Margarita—

FAUST

Be still!

MEPHISTOPHELES

'Tis true, I should be still; thou lov'st no more.
And yet, she has been dragged to prison, and, for poisoning her mother, to death justly sentenced.

FAUST

What!

MEPHISTOPHELES

I hear the hunters' horns in the woods

FAUST

Speak further! Thou didst say she is sentenced to death!

MEPHISTOPHELES

A certain brownish liquor, quite safe if used aright, which she received of thee to make her mother sleep, lest she disturb your nightly amours, has brought on all this woe. Fondly hugging her dream, awaiting thee every night, she gave the potion still. This excess at last told upon the old dame and killed her. Now thou knowest all the truth.

FAUST

Hell and damnation!

MEPHISTOPHELES

And thus has her love for thee led her on.

FAUST

Thou must save her! thou miscreant!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Ah! 'tis I am the miscreant! That is ever your way, ye ridiculous mortals!
No matter! I still am master, to free her from prison and save her.
But, what hast thou done for me since I have been thy slave?

FAUST

What dost thou ask?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Of thee? Nought, save thy signature to this parchment scroll.
Thy love at once is freed from judgment and death if thou wilt sign this oath tomorrow to serve me!

FAUST

Why till tomorrow wait, if I suffer at present?

Give here! There is my name! To her gloomy dungeon fly we now like the wind!
Thou poor innocent victim! Margarita! I come!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Come hither, Vortex! Giaour!
These magic steeds to her shall bear us quick as thought.

Now mount we, and awa' at once:
Justice tarries for no man.

(*The ride to Hell. Faust and Mephistopheles galloping on two black horses*)

FAUST

In my bosom re-echoes her cry of desperation!

Oh! poor forsaken one!

PEASANTS (*kneeling before a rustic Crucifix*)

Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis!
Sancta Magdalena, ora pro nobis!

FAUST

Keep clear of yonder children and women, saying their prayers at the cross.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Never mind them! Haste on!

PEASANTS

Sancta Margarita! Ah!

(*Cries of terror; the women scatter in confusion. The riders pass by*)

FAUST

Gods! a hideous monster, howling, follows our tracks!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Thou dreamest!

FAUST

What a flock of monstrous birds of prey!
What awful screams! With their wings they strike me!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*reining his horse*)

The passing bell for her

Is already sounding.

Dost thou fear? Let's return!

(*They halt*)

FAUST

No! I hear it. Make haste!

(*The horses quicken their speed*)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*urging on his horse*)

On! On! On!

FAUST

About us on ev'ry side see how these countless legions of ghastly skeletons dance!
With what horrible laughter they salute as they pass!

MEPHISTOPHELES

On! Think of thy Marguerite, and laugh
at the dead! On! On!

FAUST (more and more terror-stricken and breathless)

Our horses tremble; their manes are bristling;
they champ the bit.
Before us I see the earth wildly rocking!
I hear below us the thunder's deep roll
It raineth blood!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Ye slaves of hell's dominion, your trumpets
blow,

Your loud, triumphal trumpets!

He is mine!

FAUST

Woe is me! Ah!

(They fall into the abyss)

MEPHISTOPHELES

Victor am I!

(Pandemonium)

CHORUS OF SPIRITS OF HELL

Has! Irimiru karabao! Has! Has!

THE PRINCES OF DARKNESS

Of this spirit so haughty art thou then
lord and master,
Mephisto, for aye?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Lord and Master for aye.

THE PRINCES OF DARKNESS

And did Faust sign his name unconstrained
to the act which has made thee his master?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Of his own free will he signed.

(Infernal Orgies. Triumph of Mephistopheles)

CHORUS OF THE SPIRITS OF HELL

*Has! Has!

Tradioun Marexil fir trudinxe burrudixe
Fory my Dinkorlitz fory my Dinkorlitz.
O meri kariu O me vixe meri kariba
O meri kariu o mi dara caraibo lakinda
merondor Dinkorlitz merondor Dinkorlitz
merondor

Tradioun marexil Tradioun burrudixe Tru-
dinxe caraibo.

Mit aysko merondor mit aysko oh!

(They dance around him)

Diff diff merondor merondor Aysko
Has has Satan, Has has Belphegor
Has has Mephisto, Has has Kroix
Diff diff Astaroth, diff diff Belzebuth
Belphegor Astaroth Mephisto
Sat sat rayk ir kimour.

EPILOGUE (On earth)

PRINCES OF DARKNESS

Then all in Hell was hushed; the frightful
roar of its seething lakes of fire and
brimstone, the gnashing of teeth, the
dismal howling of its victims—these sounds
alone it uttered, and in its lowest depths
a dread mystery of horror was wrought.

CHORUS

Awful doom!

(Faust delivered to the flames. Triumph of
Mephistopheles)

(In heaven)

SERAPHIM (prostrating themselves before
the Almighty)

Laus! Hosanna!

She, too, hath loved much, O Lord!

A VOICE

Marguerite! (As if from heaven)

(Marguerite's glorification. Chorus of heaven-
ly spirits)

To heaven ascend, O trusting spirit, by thy
love led astray;
Take on again thy primordial beauty, which
one single stain hath soiled!
Come! the virgins celestial, thy sisters the
Seraphs,
Will wipe away the tears
Whicn thy sorrows on earth still bring to
thine eyes,
Thy sin is freed—赦免—
O be 'ed and rejoice, thou art saved!
Come, Margarita, come!

A VOICE

Marguerite!

*The score carries this note: "The language here put in the mouth of these spirits is that which, according to Swedenborg, is ordinarily spoken by the demons and the damned."



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